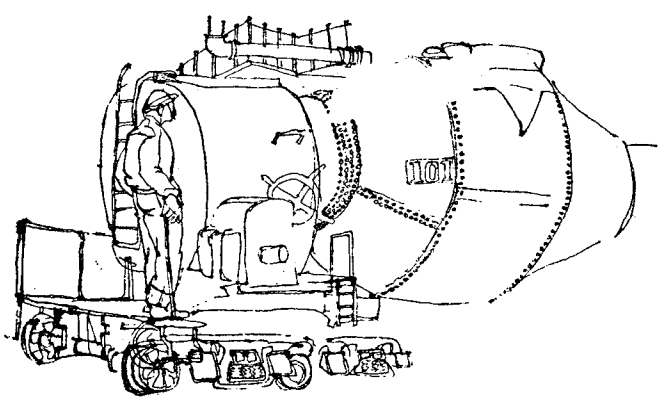
CLERGY AND LAITY
– Joseph M. Duffy, Jr.

THE

Commonweal

Being an Irish Writer

by Sean O'Faolain



Marx, [illegible]als, and The Vacuum

by Michael P. Fogarty

Volume LVIII, Number 14 July 10, 1953 Twenty Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

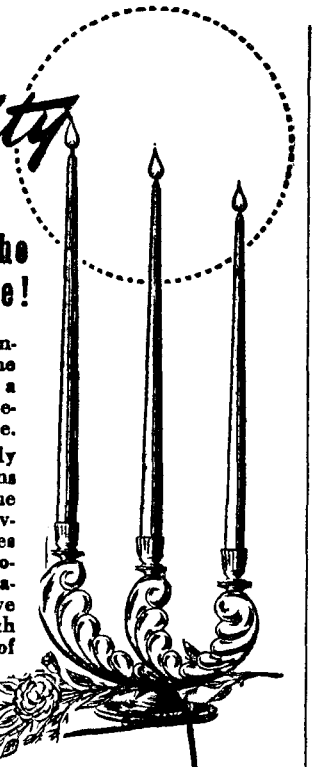
The Fine Art of

Hospitality

. . . centers around the social axis of the home!

Whether the occasion be an informal supper, a Coke party for the youngsters, a simple buffet, or a formal dinner, the dining table becomes the social axis of the scene.

Make it gay, inviting, friendly with Taperlites: Simple decorations that add a festive note, that lift the plainest menu to the emotional level of a grand occasion. Taperlites provide the light beauty and romance to captivate young imaginations . . . encourage an expansive feeling of gaiety, and compete with the artfully contrived atmosphere of commercialized entertainment.



Encourage the Art of Simple, Home Entertainment Among the Young

Friendly home gatherings and simple entertainment play an important role in the social context of a civilized and ordered life. But they call for a developed taste, a confident approach and a practiced hand—graces that should be cultivated daily, especially among the young. Taperlites on the dinner table every evening help to create an attitude and an atmosphere that turn young minds homeward for wholesome social contacts and simple fun.

● Buy TAPERLITES in a variety of colors and sizes at your grocer's or drugstore. Recognize them by the handy two-pack container and the exclusive FIRM-FIT end that holds them proudly upright.

Will & Baumer

CANDLE CO. INC.

SYRACUSE BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO MONTREAL LOS ANGELES

CANDLE CRAFTSMEN FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 335

Being an Irish Writer
by Sean O'Faolain 339

Clergy and Laity
by Joseph M. Duffy, Jr. 341

Marx, Morals, and the Vacuum
by Michael P. Fogarty 345

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 348

Of Note 348

Books 350

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor*
JOHN COGLEY: *Executive Editor*
JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*

Assistant Editors:
WILLIAM P. CLANCY, WILLIAM PFAFF

Associate Editors:
The Labor Movement: JOHN C. CORT
The Screen: PHILIP T. HARTUNG
The Stage: RICHARD HAYES

Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM, ANNE FREMANTLE

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1953, in the U. S. A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year. Foreign, $8. Single copies, 20c.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Commonweal

week by week

THE FAILURE

THE Western alliance is today like a half-finished building which the contractor has abandoned. Occasionally a mason comes around to put in a few more bricks. A handy-man has thrown a tarpaulin over a pile of lumber. But the rain sweeps through the paneless windows, the naked rafters are warping, and the nails rust.

This nation debated last summer over where it was going. We decided, according to the election returns, to continue erecting our alliance, to continue to strengthen it, and to look into the possibility of helping some of the East Europeans to free themselves from Soviet domination.

Now, nine months later, we are in an appreciably weaker position than we were during the paralyzed last months of the Truman Administration.

Our closest associates in the governments of France, Italy and Germany have been hurt. We have passively watched the East German attempt to liberate itself. We have, all of us, by ignoring the implications of all that Syngman Rhee has been saying for three years, got ourselves into a cruel dilemma in Korea, the solution to which is invisible at this writing.

The blame is not wholly ours. But we cannot avoid the fact that we Americans have contributed prodigally to our own undoing, and as yet give no sign of bringing an end to this masochistic passivity of ours.

We Americans have done nothing to counter the Russian peace offensive. Churchill tried singly, and perhaps unwisely, to meet it with four-power negotiations. Consequently, neutralism got a shot in the arm, and revived in Europe to a popularity it has not enjoyed since before the attack in Korea. Neutralism weakened De Gasperi in Italy and brought to power in France a government resolutely pledged to do nothing of any consequence. Neutralism boomed in Germany, and only the riots there countered it—again we thank Soviet stupidity for helping us out of trouble.

Neutralism is no credit to the Europeans, but what, other than the peace offensive, has brought it back? The answer must be faced: American lack of policy.

We have squabbled over the value of economic assistance. We have discredited our information services and burnt our books, making ourselves look like buffoons with totalitarian inclinations. We have failed to liberalize our trade policies—are, in fact, on the verge of stiffening them. We have not liberalized our immigration laws. We cut our military appropriations. When the East German riots took place, we made newsreels of them, and advised "prudence." We followed with a weak demand for free elections. We ignored the opportunity for real diplomatic attack, for a powerful high-level demand that East Germans be given their basic political rights, that the will of the East German people be heard.

The sum of it all is that we have lost prestige, have lost initiative, and consequently have lost leadership; and it is now a case of every man for himself.

One may say that if Europe does not have enough fortitude to hold up when the going gets tough, then we should go it alone. But the whole revolutionary alliance of the West has been the work of a few men with vision, building on the inarticulate yearning for union and security which undeniably exists among the common people of the West. These men have been bitterly resisted by every force of special privilege, nationalism, and inertia in Europe. Great accomplishments rarely rise from the majority like the roar of a football crowd. They come from the devotion of a few, who sometimes are devoured by their accomplishments.

THE responsibility now lies on a few—the few who lead the United States of America. American leadership can rejuvenate the alliance, and find new policies to meet the emerging shape of the opportunities and challenges of the future. But leadership is now absent. An internationalist president is trying to make internationalist policy with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the cooperation of an isolationist-nationalist majority in Congress. For six months we have seen Mr. Eisenhower's policies strangled, blocked and compromised by Congress. Congress was elected by the people; but Mr. Eisenhower was also elected by the people—on a platform and in a spirit which is now being demolished by the dominant Republicans in Congress.

One does not have to agree with all that Senator Wiley of Wisconsin advocates to recognize in him a courageous man, and to see in his speech of June 26 a plea which many people would make. He said that the present chaos in Congress on foreign policy can "make a shambles of the Eisenhower Administration." We would extend his warning to the whole free world. And the answer can come from only one place—the White House. The responsibility is there, as inescapable and inevitable as the summer air, heavy with heat, ominous and demanding.

FORE!

REPORTS continue to come in that some Democrats and CIO leaders are keeping track of every trip made by President Eisenhower to Burning Tree, with the idea of making political capital out of the hours he spends at golf. To us the wisdom of holding a stopwatch to the President's game seems dubious at best.

The public will judge the Eisenhower Administration by its larger accomplishments or failures, not by such items as the amount of time the President spends on the links. And even from the point of view of their own party interests, the Democrats are likely to find that most voters will consider such tactics on their part petty and small-minded.

The burden of the Presidency is a heavy one.

Criticism of Administration decisions on matters of top policy can often serve the national interest. But implying that President Eisenhower takes his duties too lightly or spends too much time at golf seems to us well outside the field of legitimate public criticism.

NEXT WEEK

MANYA HARARI writes about the plight of children in our contemporary society.

"What has happened to the compact self-assurance of the Victorian household? We know that the children in it were not always lucky, that the order was often unjust and oppressive, and that consciousness of sin was used as a means of tyranny. But then the parents repented. At about the time of the decline of imperialism, excessive paternalism in the family too fell into disrepute. The father abdicated; as the principle of authority he has since been liquidated so thoroughly that he has almost ceased to exist. For the parents' crisis of conscience carried them to a progressive and increasingly appalled and paralyzing realization of the extent of their guilt. . . ."

MORE TRAVEL IN THE SOVIET EMPIRE

THE world would indeed be a happier place if personal contacts between individual representatives of peoples—such as the Russians and the Americans—always and automatically produced amicable feelings. But when such contacts are actually denied, all sorts of specters are the outcome. When hermetic separation becomes a national policy, when dictators deliberately make use of it to sow suspicion and hatred between two peoples, a bombing war is a not impossible result.

In order to keep Russians and the West cut off from each other, Stalin's Soviet Union instituted extremely rigorous postwar travel restrictions. Since access to the USSR has been denied to all Americans but diplomatic personnel and a few correspondents, these regulations had the effect of circumscribing the movements only of these few. But it was coupled with constant pressure upon Moscow citizens to avoid the company of foreigners, and vigilance was so acute that few natives required a second warning. Whatever natural affinity the two peoples have had for each other has been thrust far into the background as the powerful Kremlin machine has played upon its subjects' fears and phobias. Soviet citizens were being predisposed for war, if need be, to defend and advance the cause of Stalinism.

The announced relaxing of travel restrictions for foreigners now residing in the Soviet Union has to be viewed from this background. It is a step which breaks a pattern of the most rigorous quarantine—a step, therefore, most warmly to be welcomed as a means of overcoming the specters conjured up by Soviet authorities these last few years. The extent of this conciliatory gesture remains unknown. Difficulties when the comparatively few foreigners now there actually seek to travel far and wide may largely nullify the change in regulations. Foreign travel in the USSR may likewise be kept at a minimum by refusal to admit any appreciably larger number of visitors from abroad. Yet the West has everything to gain from accepting the news as a genuine gesture in the direction of conciliation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There were two aspects of the immediate American reaction that are highly disturbing. One was to point out that the new regulations continue to impose greater limitations on American officials in Moscow than the recent restrictions on the movements of Soviet officials over here. Therefore, according to the argument, it is not yet time to respond to the new Soviet leadership with a conciliatory gesture of our own.

The other error was to over-emphasize the fact that certain key areas remain closed to foreigners. Restrictions of a totalitarian sort seldom vanish overnight. And what has been happening at the Kremlin since Stalin's death remains highly enigmatic. But whoever becomes victor in the struggle for the Stalin succession, he can hardly be counted on to issue an order that everything shall be laid bare. Defense plants, border defenses and areas where unrest is acute are understandably still proscribed for foreign visitors. But it does appear permissible to travel almost the whole length of the Volga, visit the capital of the Ukraine or drive through many extensive areas by car—as well as make the trip by Trans-Siberian from Vladivostok to Moscow.

It would seem that the magnitude of these opportunities should be stressed rather than the continuing Soviet restrictions. We should warmly welcome a chance to visit, and cultivate the friendship of, the various Russian peoples. We should do everything possible to stimulate cultural exchanges between us. Should the Soviet Union, for whatever reason, become genuinely more intent on peaceful co-existence —if not a moderate degree of international friendship—its new leaders should receive hearty encouragement for their change of attitude from the people of the United States.

JOHN L. RIDES AGAIN

JOHN L. Lewis has fought many a battle since he first went down into the mines while still in his teens. By and large, he has been the winner more often than not, and when he ended up on the losing side, the victor always knew he had been in a fight. Now John L. has added another scalp to his belt, that of Mr. Thomas Lyon, who was the Eisenhower nominee for head of the Federal Bureau of Mines.

Mr. Lyon's qualifications for this post seem to have been discernible only to his political sponsors. In the years since 1900, almost seventy-five thousand men have been killed in the bituminous coal mines, and mine injuries annually disable more than fifty thousand additional workers. Under the circumstances, the concern of the United Mine Workers with safety is understandable enough, and the battle to enforce stiffer safety regulations on mine owners has been going on for years.

But in the face of the appalling safety record of the mining industry, Mr. Lyon calmly told the assembled Senators that in his opinion ninety-nine per cent of all mine accidents stemmed from individual carelessness on the part of the men involved. He was not, he told them, in sympathy with the Federal mine safety law he would be charged with enforcing if confirmed for the post. He further testified that as a former executive he was receiving a $5000 annual pension from the Anaconda Corporation, which could be discontinued at the option of the mining company if for any reason he incurred its displeasure.

All in all, if Mr. Lyon's other qualifications had come near matching his candor, he would have been certain of confirmation. But in view of the kind of opinions he voiced at the hearing, it is no wonder that John L. Lewis declared war on the appointment when it was first suggested. As things turned out, the Senators listened to Mr. Lyon for a while with growing incredulity, then adjourned the hearing, undoubtedly to permit Senators with miners among their constituents to get in touch with the White House. The next and last move was the withdrawal by President Eisenhower of a nomination that never should have been made in the first place.

OF MYTH AND MENACE

ONCE again the Luce publications have given us the word. With *Life's* publication of Whittaker Chambers' article on "witch hunts" we were assured that we have nothing to fear from current Congressional investigations. With *Time's* editorializing on "McCarthyism: Myth & Menace" we are told that worry over the influence of the junior Senator from Wisconsin is largely hysteria. Like Mr. Chambers, *Time* is worried not about McCarthy but about the liberals.

Time admits, of course, that McCarthyism is a nuisance and that President Eisenhower will have to deal with it "again and again," but, *Time* insists, it is the liberals, with their continued "yatter" about McCarthy's power, who have aided and abetted this nuisance.

"The specter of the U.S. in the grip of a hysterical witch hunt, of the President cowering before McCarthy's power, bears only a specter's relation to reality," *Time* says, but . . . the liberals have exploited this specter for their own ends. In Mc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carthy's "distortions and exaggerations" they have found an "out" for their own failures to deal with Communist infiltration of the government. The danger of McCarthyism in our national life thus becomes a "myth" and the liberal's use of this "myth" is seen as the real "menace."

This is a comfortable reading of contemporary history, certainly, but we cannot buy it. It is just too comfortable. We have never believed that the United States is gripped by any "reign of terror" and we have taken public issue with those who claimed it is. But, as we have said before, this is not the point. McCarthy may not be as powerful as some on both sides of the controversy believe him to be, but he is far more powerful than any man of his mentality and methods *should* be.

That is the point. To pretend that his power is a mere "myth"' created by "liberal neurosis" is at best fatuous, at worst vicious. It might be nice to believe it, but as long as one reads the newspapers it is impossible. Those who read only the Luce publications may now stop worrying about McCarthy. The rest of us will have to go on.

GIVE AND TAKE

PRESIDENT Eisenhower has again paid his tribute to freedom of the mind. In a letter to the American Library Association he has affirmed the American principle that freedom cannot be censored into existence. And so, once again, liberal forces have felt encouraged. Perhaps, at last, this is it.

But their present encouragement is more cautious than it was after the Dartmouth speech. And with reason. The Eisenhower policy of give a little, take a little, almost universally applied, makes any permanent satisfaction with Administration policies difficult to maintain. For if the President pays his respects to the "left" today, it seems reasonably certain that he will mollify the "right" tomorrow, and the left's last condition may then be worse than its first.

Mr. Eisenhower, it seems, has only one consistent policy. He will not become involved in "personalities," and will therefore avoid controversies. He will, for example, oppose book-burning, but he will not interfere with the book-burners. Is everybody happy?

SIR WINSTON

THE news of Sir Winston Churchill's illness has been received with a real concern in the United States, and wishes for his quick recovery have been universally expressed. More than the courtesy which protocol demands is involved in this. It represents the affectionate tribute which Americans pay to a man who is undoubtedly one of their great popular heroes.

Combined with their personal regard for Sir Winston, however, many Americans must now be reminded how indispensable he remains to the free world, how truly "irreparable" his loss would be. With Soviet intentions largely a mystery, with United States leadership currently ambiguous, the British Prime Minister remains a unique symbol of continuity and strength.

No one can accuse Sir Winston of "softness" toward Communism; no one can accuse him either of lack of imagination in meeting its challenge. Now, more than at any time since 1945, his courage, his resourcefulness, and his strength are needed. We are happy to know that his difficulty is a matter more of fatigue than of real sickness, and we join with millions throughout the world in wishing a full restoration of his amazing vitality—for his own sake and for ours as well.

WESTERN DROUGHT

THERE are limitations to what farmers can do in certain western plains areas to prepare for the severe droughts that come periodically to plague them. They could do more in the way of rotation of crops, diversification and other measures to retain vital moisture. Certain emergency irrigation facilities may also be set up along nearby river valleys. But when for lack of such precautions—or even in spite of them—the full impact of a prolonged drought is experienced, farmers inevitably suffer great losses.

In Texas the Department of Agriculture is now sending in cattle feed and other emergency supplies. In drought-stricken Kansas the problem is different in that demand and storage facilities are scarce even for the greatly curtailed wheat crop now being harvested. The Department's main job is twofold: to inculcate farming practices that will cushion such natural hazards as lack of rain and to find better means of handling inevitable surpluses. In this latter task there is a place for greater liaison with the State Department. For wise use of our farm surpluses in recurring famine areas can do much to strengthen the free world. The Pakistan agreement serves as an excellent example. Washington should even think twice before dismissing out of hand the idea of seriously offering surplus grain now to alleviate widespread famine in Communist China.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Being an Irish Writer

BOOBY TRAPS LIE IN WAIT FOR EVERY WRITER, BUT THEY HAVE A SPECIAL LURE FOR THE PROVINCIAL.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

I SUSPECT that being a writer in Ireland is very much like being a writer in any tight community. We do not remember often enough that whether we live in Winesburg or in Reykjavik, in Dublin or in Catania, we are a world fraternity, growling the same growls, enjoying the same compensations, subject to the same local pressures, breathing much the same sort of reconditioned air like a dehydrater gush from a subway on a hot day.

Listening to them at it in the Café Canova, or the Greco in Rome, one might imagine oneself back in the Pearl Bar or Mooney's in Dublin; surrounded by the same sort of community with tender corns, vulnerable pieties, touchy pride, precious loyalties, inflated patriotism, provincial prejudices. It is like living with the family, whose love also begs for silence, blunts frankness, exacerbates honesty until it all ends up in schizophrenia and double-think—secret reservations of the truth, public asseverations of subterfugal sentimentalities.

If the writer speaks out the community will tear him to pieces; if he does not he will rend himself; if he braves the results he will meet other dangers he did not foresee—anger, bitterness, hate, cynicism. Ibsen said he left Norway because he found friendship too expensive. One can hear them saying it: "Oh, come now, be a good chap! You can't put that character into a play. Everybody will say at once, 'Why, that's Bjornson!' *Please*—dear Henrik!"

The obvious solution is exile, but it isn't really. The problem solves itself otherwise, usually by driving the writer much further from the unbearable, literal reality than he had ever meant to go. Joyce's practical exile was to Paris, Rome, Trieste, Zürich; his literary exile was into symbolism, and he ended up lost in the tropical jungle of *Finnegans Wake*. Hawthorne, who could not exile his body, took up quarters in the same sublimatory refuge from the compressions of Salem. Hardy dilated man into myth, his peasants, who were doubtless as boring as all peasants, into a Greek chorus. For many of the so-called realists are not realists—they are disguised mystics. Graham Greene followed the same route.

There are scarcely more than fifty pages in all Hemingway to suggest that he ever had a father, a mother, a childhood or a home. To fill this void of intimate life that his heart must know so well, and which, for reasons best known to his heart he has denied, he has invented two subjects—Death and Heroism—and scoured the world for figures to act them out.

Kafka, Malraux, Mauriac, Faulkner, Silone—the examples of internal flight are many. You cannot jump off your own shadow. The farther you go from your sun the longer your shadow gets. There is, apparently, only one thing to do with the damned thing: eat it.

I suppose no Irish writer thought he had jumped off his shadow more effectively than Shaw. A naturalized Londoner almost in his teens, aggressively socialist when it was unfashionable, resolutely rationalist, a dealer in political and economic theory, an absorbed social satirist of English life, he said explicitly that he had to go to London for the same reason as his father went to the Corn Exchange—because his business was there.

I do not believe a word of it. It sounds like a post factum rationalization. The key to his heart is his resolute anti-romanticism, bred in him by the terrifying sight of Dublin's dreamers, drunkards and gabblers. "Not me!"—and a single ticket for Euston.

Nothing that Shaw wrote, one play apart, might thereafter seem even remotely indebted to or affected by that legendary Aeaea whose circean cobwebs he so angrily tore from his eyes. Yet, I believe that some of the best things he ever did were written by the light and heat of that mythical sun, his shadow-maker, melting his cold intellect to let a bit of the poetry of life blossom through—Joan, Candida, Captain Shotover: people behaving as they always do in real life according to entirely irrational and mysterious urges by no means unknown to the Irishman Shaw, but hated, feared and perpetually mocked at by the anglicized, socialized, intellectualized, deromanticized, Fabianized, Londonized Shavian changeling. If only

Mr. O'Faolain is author of "A Summer in Italy," "Newman's Way" and other books.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had the courage not to have been so terrified of his emotions—if only he had even got drunk once in a while—he might not have been so witty but he might have been a more human writer.

ONE agrees that modern Irish life is not very inspiring. Indeed, leaving aside its many rich compensations which we all know about and gratefully enjoy, and bearing in mind that these compensations are on the level of the *homme moyen sensuel* rather than of the intellectual or the artist, one might be forgiven for finding modern Ireland depressing to the point—at which many soon arrive—of strong drink. A one-class society of petty-bourgeois businessmen, not exactly cultivated; a rather puritanical church, not strikingly famous for its contribution to Christian thought, or indeed any thought; a hard bunch of old-time politicians still thinking, or whatever they call it, in the vein of the first World War—it is not a very gay picture. The air is dry. A generation of isolationism and obscurantism has changed a lively nationalism into a cantankerous provincialism. The strings are about as hoarse as an unkeyed double-bass on a damp day. But, surely, as far as writers are concerned it is all a matter of digestion. This is their material; there is no other that they know.

I have no patience with young would-be writers anywhere who say: "But it is all so dreary, there is nothing to write about!" One thinks of Gogol, thinking also that he would spend his life recording romantic life, the Saga of the Caucasian cossacks, and then writing two masterpieces about two types that one might meet any day in the back-streets of Dublin or Winesburg, the civil servant of *The Cloak* and the engaging spiv of *Dead Souls.*

It has happened that the drearier the life the better the writing. I have never been to Silone's native village in the Abruzzi, but I suppose it is not much more exciting to look at than Carlo Levi's Eboli, or those desolate Sicilian uplands that flame and smoulder in Vittorini's *Conversation in Sicily!* Serradifalco! Acquaviva! I can assure any young man complaining about the frustration of his Ballybehindbeyond that it is a Paris Plage compared to those woebegotten hamlets.

The answer to "What is there to write about? anywhere is in the title of Silone's novel *The Seed Beneath the Snow.* No writer has the right to blame his material for his own failure to integrate the little lives he knows with the universal life of man. A writer may, like a spider, have to spin his web out of his bowels, but if he is a writer at all he is an epical spider shooting his fragile threads from his dusty corner to span the world.

ONE particular failure in modern Irish writing is striking: the failure in comedy, strange in a people notoriously supposed to have a special gift for comedy. A couple of weeks ago, in reviewing Evelyn Waugh's new book, Cyril Connolly said a very shrewd thing about satire, using this very image of digestion —what I call the writer eating up his own shadow: "An author must digest his own stomach so completely that his anger and loyalties, indignations and regrets"—How well one knows those indignations and regrets!—"are invisible to the naked eye. One trace of emotion and the illusion will vanish, the magician in his tails is gone, and an embittered old schoolmaster is in his place."

How many writers of satire could read that without feeling their withers being wrung? Shaw certainly could not have heard it unmoved. I have been told, but I have never been able to locate it in print, that when he saw Chekov for the first time, he threw up his hands in despair. (But, then, Chekov had said: "If the old tarry rope is put into your hand you must pull it.")

Could Aldous Huxley pass Mr. Connolly's test? Or the later O'Casey? Maugham does, and Gide, in *Les Caves du Vatican,* and what makes Waugh one of the great comic writers of English literature is that in all his best work he has with great human sympathy surmounted an evident natural weakness to cavil with what the gods sent him.

There are these great writers of social comedy in the Irish literature of our time, George Moore, in his famous trilogy, and Somerville and Ross. Since their day bitterness has set in. The shadows have eaten up the writers who should have eaten them.

IT is easy enough to write like this, of course; in practice the business of absorption is the trickiest thing in the world. All sorts of booby traps lie in wait: melodrama, sentimentality, burlesque, moonshine, rank egregiousness. They lie in wait for every writer, one agrees, but they have a special lure for the provincial who so easily imagines that by walking into them he is emancipating himself from them: as when the satirist who thinks he is a rebel against folly falls into a burlesque which is a greater folly. I think your often-excellent satirist Erskine Caldwell had often fallen into this trap. Has Saroyan escaped sentimentality always; and at his best, though I know few

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans will agree with me, he is one of your finest short-story writers?

All American novelists are continually falling into the trap of melodrama, not excluding the very finest, such as Hemingway, or John O'Hara. And, then, the very urge for honesty, the social conscience (those "indignations and regrets")—what has this not done to Upton Sinclair? For although this problem of stomaching, of digesting one's material is more obviously urgent in the small country, in the tight community, it is a universal problem. Since this article is appearing in a Catholic magazine it is pertinent to point out that the problem is particularly important for writers dealing with Catholic communities. The Mauriac of later years has time and again failed to keep his detachment; the later Greene, as in his new play "The Living Room," has sometimes fallen into the most banal, and vulgar clichés.

Perhaps it is all a question of perspective, and I have always advised young Irishmen, following my own practice, to get out of Ireland as often as possible in order to keep their sense of perspective; and, contrary to my own foolish practice, to avoid controversy. But was there ever a writer who couldn't give good advice and not stick to it himself?

One takes comfort from Yeats's lines: "All things can distract me from this art of verse. . . . The seeming needs of my fool-driven land . . . ," and so on. One can love too much. One can pity too much. Yeats's epitaph was, *Look with a cold eye on life, on death. . . .* Bless his heart, he never did.

Really, there is only one rule for a writer that is worth a curse. Despise the crowd, and—again it is so very easy to say it—be yourself. *We,* said Simone Weil, is of the devil; but *I* is of God. Certainly, for a writer, all organizations (My goodness, the number I have belonged to in my salad days!), all political loyalties are ruin and disaster.

That is where Ireland is always catching us: the ties of family, the sense of responsibility, the ancient blood-bond, all the choking tendrils of the heart. I can sympathize with Shaw. Think of what *might* have happened to him if he had remained in Ireland! He would either have been shot in 1916 or—dreadful and pitiable thought!—he might have become a minister of state.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA VI

Clergy and Laity

JOSEPH M. DUFFY, JR.

SOME months ago the New York *Times* gave quite extensive coverage to a talk by a priest that I would like to make use of at the beginning of this article. I am interested in the talk, not because of its occasion, a Communion Breakfast, nor because of its author, whom I have no particular desire to criticize, but because its point of view provides such a convenient springboard for the subject at hand. My subject is clergy and laity, and the things I say have to do mainly with the negative aspects of the relations between the clergy and the laity in this country—the climate of drought, if you will, instead of the fertile season.

The speaker declared that the Church in the United States was seriously threatened by a shortage of priests. This situation, he maintained, has been brought about, on the one hand, by the prevalence of Catholic "birth controllers" and, on the other, by a "secret" Communist plot to subvert the Church by dividing the laity from the hierarchy.

Mr. Duffy has recently completed his advanced studies at the University of Chicago.

Elaborating on the second danger, he asserted that Communists have joined the Church in order to criticize it from within and he claimed that some Catholic writers, by their criticism of the clergy, have followed "the Communist campaign." Sean O'Faolain was singled out for his *Life* article on Ireland and Thomas Sugrue for his book, *A Catholic Speaks His Mind.*

These writers and their works are of little concern here. The most damning fact about Mr. O'Faolain's article, which was serious and interesting, was that it appeared in the March 16 issue of *Life*: that impresses one as a gesture of gratuitous impertinence of the kind that Luce publications have always enjoyed making. Beyond that, most of us realize that Ireland is one of two taboo travel subjects—Spain is the other—among certain articulate segments of the American Church: taboo, that is, unless the writer is prepared to accept history as it has been scrupulously rewritten in these quarters. Of Mr. Sugrue, about whose writings it is difficult not to have some reservations, one can at least invoke the charitable banality, *"De mortuis. . . ."*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What *is* of central concern here, however, is that the talk is both a confession of failure and an admission of diffidence. It prefigures the larger failure and the larger diffidence that I wish to comment on. The sin of the laity—the "unbelievable" number of Catholic "birth controllers"—is the failure of the clergy. (I do not mean to shift the responsibility here, merely to indicate a failure of influence.) And the warning against Communist infiltration of the Church surely betokens not so much a fear of Communism as a fear of criticism.

Last year a much more prominent clergyman, who has opinions on many subjects, issued a similar warning. In spite of the real case of Father Tondi, one cannot help perceiving that this cautious advice may be strategically turned against any evaluation of the clerical position, however sincere and upright the evaluation may be. A statement of this kind provides a frame to distort all criticism; it prepares the way for clerical McCarthyism; it looks for orthodoxy and conformity in areas where these attributes are not desirable. The failure, the sin, and the diffidence are, so to speak, the bones one falls upon in the drought.

IN his pastoral letter, *Priests Among Men*, Cardinal Suhard states that "a priestless society is a dead society, a civilization which neither makes sense nor achieves anything." The priest, Cardinal Suhard reminds us, "must not be set in opposition to the faithful as though the latter had nothing in common with him;" yet he is also "a man set apart from the faithful, endowed by God with transcendent powers and marked with a consecratory character which sets him apart, makes him at once pontiff and head in the community of the baptized."

Cardinal Suhard describes the "counterfeits" of the priest, the false images which are created of him—those of angel, wonderworker, and superman. Moreover, Cardinal Suhard warns, false expectations are raised about the role of the priest in the social order: by some he is wrongly thought of as the conservator of the old order and by others he is just as wrongly looked to as the prophet of the new.

Cardinal Suhard's letter deserves wide circulation—there is much more in it about the function of the priesthood and about the reciprocal duties of the clergy and the laity. I find great reassurance and strength in his emphasis upon the necessity for a priesthood if our civilization is to survive.

In an age of secularism, the priesthood is paradoxically a source of order to the faithful and of bewilderment to the secularists; the priesthood is a challenge and reproach to the bland inanity of secularism whose principles are joyless, cruel, and, in the long run, authoritarian. If the poets, as Allen Tate says in *The Forlorn Demon,* are the prophetic demons in a secularist society reminding it of the hell wherein it exists, the priesthood is the instrument of salvation, the anodyne for the barren torment.

Consequently I admit the difficulty of criticism. When I consider the heroic examples of clerical action under diverse circumstances, in war and peace, amid danger abroad and exhaustion at home, among the workers, the alienated, and the dispossessed, and among the comfortable, the respectable, and the indifferent; when I consider the unknown lives of unknown clergymen, dully passed in the quotidian routine which is transformed by their dedication into a routine of love, so much more difficult, nobler in a sense, than the heroic gesture, the grand and startling deed; and when I consider the rich and joyful lives of those I have known among the clergy and laity whose joy comes from their privileged membership in the community of the Church, I almost believe that criticism is supererogatory and always inopportune. But the actual is large, complex, and portentous: too large and complex to be settled by a panegyric, and portentous in its examples of indifference, timidity, and failure.

IN the life of the Church, and by that I mean the corporate activity of all its members, the culture of our time may be mocked. In America we live in an externalized society where individuals pass disconsolate lives devouring the material and transient object; its members passionately adrift, lured by slogans and pricked by greed, always fail to achieve the promised satisfaction in the object.

At its weakest, ours is a culture of commodities where the lust for things is never met even by an endless production of things, where new desires are daily provoked and new standards of conformity daily imposed. Indeed, the Platonic ideal of our system, the heroic figure dimly perceived by the advertising people from their caves, is the insatiable consumer who never dies and who will exhaust an eternity of production in his effort to attain comfort, health, and modishness.

As Catholics we have a special status in this society: we are of it and partake of its advantages, which are real and good and not to be rejected, but we also have the power of making distinctions at precisely those points where society fails to distinguish or cannot give ultimate reasons for its distinctions. We carry with us always a sense of our mortality, the token of our mortality. We love one another as members of Christ's Mystical Body. And we respect the freedom of the individual as superior to all human institutions.

Do we? Often we are proud of our status and flaunt it before others. We attend the ritual, trace the formalistic pattern, and fail to observe the responsibilities of status. Often we do not love, we hate. We

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hate by omitting to love, and sometimes, as happened last year in a marginal Puerto Rican district in New York, our sins of omission are symbolically transformed by a senseless and violent act of hatred perpetrated, in this case, by Catholics upon Catholics.

Often we are attached to form without comprehension of the living attributes which make the form meaningful. We attend Mass on Sundays and view, amid flickering candles and the haze of incense, the richly vested figure who murmurs a strange language and engages in a half-understood ritual; rarely does the shock of realization disturb the memory of yesterday's business and today's pleasure.

Moderation, regularity, vague commitment descend to complacency and inertia and sink at last to the indifference which accounts for the scandalous divergency between doctrine and practice implied in the "unbelievable" number of Catholic "birth controllers." We are charmed by the myths of our society, acquire its prejudices, absorb its slogans, cherish its comforts, and languish in its mediocrity.

Our inconsistencies in these matters, our failure and our sin, dramatize the tension between the doctrine of the Church and the allurements of the world. Realistically viewed, they represent the enduring hardship of the human condition. Nevertheless, in every age we must renew the struggle to diminish these inconsistencies. Of crucial importance now and in this country, the extremes of the laity as otiose and tax-paying observers and the clergy as pious and platitudinous bureaucrats are the specters to be dissipated. Faith, doctrine, dogma, ritual, and action—all ought to involve us in a charismatic community of mutual understanding and participation.

If, however, the ideal among Catholics is, at one level, this community shaped by common doctrine and common aspirations, at another level we are as diverse in our thinking, as pluralistic in our ideas, as any other group in our society. At least, that, too, is the ideal. But there are those within the Church who would compel formalism in non-doctrinal matters, who would freeze Catholic opinion in this country by maintaining that there is nothing in life so complex that it cannot be successfully tested by *their* measure of what is Catholic and what is not.

Sound and fury are the tactics commonly used to enforce these inflexible and self-styled "Catholic" standards. To a considerable extent the strategy has been successful: an imposing monolithic "no-nonsense" facade of clergy and laity does exist and does effectively shut out, for those within, the undistorted facts of life.

The ramparts are manned by the Catholic press, by our pulpits indeed, and by clerical-inspired vigilante groups among the laity which level wildly indiscriminate barrages at the camp of the enemy. The enemy may be real enough at times, but he frequently is just anyone "out there," anyone who displays alarming signs of non-conformity—a "leftist," for example, an intellectual, or an artist.

When we recall the history of the American Church's struggle for recognition under the most exasperating circumstances, we can understand the existence of scars which are still painfully sensitive. And the continuing hostility of certain groups and individuals who wilfully misconstrue and libel the doctrines and motives of Catholicism is sufficiently abrasive to provoke forthright response from the representatives of the Church.

When the occasion demands wrath, politeness is no substitute for just wrath. When a Protestant clergyman venomously refers to "Rome" as though he perceived the Whore of Babylon all decadent and lascivious before him, or when a "liberal" magazine insolently announces the selection of Blanshard as its Holy Year correspondent in Rome, the challenge should be justly and vigorously countered.

But what can be neither understood nor accepted is the perpetuation of the ghetto attitude among Catholics. This attitude, nervous, irritable, and often absurd, simplifies and parodies life into an impossible choice of absolutes. In spite of the energy which it manifests, this attitude of sullen exclusiveness is a sign, not of liveliness, but of its opposite. When it unites the clergy and laity, it joins them in their weakness, ignorance, and complacency. Some examples of what I take to be the ghetto attitude may clarify these statements.

SEVERAL years ago, the newspaper of one of our great metropolitan dioceses denounced in an editorial a revival of "The Duchess of Malfi." The editorial discovered in the production of the play convincing proof of an anti-Catholic plot in the commercial theater. Apparently it had not occurred to the editorial writer, for whom the wicked Cardinal loomed all imposing, that less sinister considerations might have motivated the revival of one of the handful of great English tragedies outside of Shakespeare.

Astonishing as it seems, and possibly more annoying to some than conspiracy, the producers of the play may not even have considered Catholic sentiment—may have been interested only in putting on an important dramatic work. If the line of the editorial's logic were followed, Chaucer could be rejected by Catholics on account of his characters of corrupt clergymen—as well as for his immorality—and by Jews on account of the anti-Semitic basis of the Prioress's Tale.

The examples of the dead-end or such reasoning could be multiplied indefinitely. The murky, plot-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

filled world of the editorial writer simply is not the real world, and to present it as such to readers is to leave them in a condition of perilous innocence.

In *The Art of Fiction,* Henry James, referring to the situation in Victorian England, noted as a "Protestant" characteristic the suspicion of all artistic effort which was not clearly designed either to amuse or to edify. Curiously enough, this "Protestant" attitude is in the United States too often the "Catholic" attitude.

In this suspicion of art as such—which is a form of a prevailing anti-intellectualism, a widespread affinity for the mediocre—lies the danger of clerical attempts to enforce censorship by the provocation of boycotts and vigilante activity. Unable to make the complex distinctions required before an artistic or intellectual work is rejected, the suspicious authority stifles truth by acting indiscriminately.

The parish priest or the editor of a diocesan newspaper may be competent to advise the laity about such works; but as events in this country have shown and as the present situation in Ireland certainly demonstrates, he may become dangerous when he attempts to enforce this advice through action. So, too, he may mislead the laity by recommending vulgar and pernicious works simply because they have a contrived aura of piety about them.

The motion picture "My Son, John," was appropriately condemned by some Catholic critics and by secular reviewers who recognized it as a very dangerous picture indeed in its sophisticated and deliberate attack upon intellectual values. Yet it was widely praised in the Catholic press and received a Catholic award. The shocking simplicity of the "Catholic" response—sometimes the willingness to be duped seems like a fatality—may be explained by the exaltation in the picture of the pieties of the Church, Motherhood, the Nation, and the Playing Field. The quality of that exaltation and its implications were not questioned—the formal obeisance sufficed.

IN the Catholic reaction to non-Catholic higher education in the United States, similar reservations must be made about a latent distrust of intellectual distinction. Among the American clergy and consequently among the laity, a tradition of profound discourtesy toward these colleges and universities predominates.

The grave faults of secular education warrant exposure, for they constitute the danger of residence at such institutions: the boundless confidence in the power of the intellect, the totemistic exaltation of freedom without any sense of controlling responsibility, the bland presentation of intolerant opinion as historical fact. But these same colleges and universities are also populated by individuals engaged in a quest for truth, whether their specialty be in art, science, or society.

Devotion to this ideal is a natural virtue, and to regard these men with supercilious condescension or to subject them to slanderous attacks, as spokesmen for the Church have done, has had results so intolerable that the time for reform is long past due. The unjustified complacency thus encouraged among Catholics about their own institutions and the unhealthy cynicism toward others have been rightly interpreted as tokens not merely of Philistinism but of Pharisaism.

Not long ago, a prominent Catholic clergyman and well-known educator referred in a speech reported in the *Times* to a recent problem in the educational world—that of a "Fifth Column," a "crop of starry-eyed liberals on the American campus" who could not distinguish between American inconsistencies and Russian barbarities. According to the educator, now in a whimsical mood, vodka disappeared from the faculty clubs after the Korean war and the "distinguished" Senator from Wisconsin had "made pink unpopular." There is enough truth in a statement of this kind to make it plausible to a sympathetic and inexperienced audience, but the entire picture is palpably false.

A comparable charge against Catholic institutions would be that they are or have been inhabited by totalitarians who pay lip-service to American principles but whose objective is the establishment of a Catholic authoritarian state. Such an accusation, were it made, would be justly ridiculed by Catholics. What is disturbing, then, is the incorrigible absence on the Catholic side of the merest courtesy toward institutions, the best of which, the best members of which, are simply engaged in the long labor of extending the horizons of human knowledge.

Furthermore, the reference to McCarthy in this talk provides a grimly ironic parallel to the Communist fellow-traveling here criticized. Unfortunately it is a parallel not unique in Catholic circles. Yet Catholics, clergymen least of all, should hardly submit to the general American infatuation with a perverted ideal of innocence, and ideal of an earthly paradise swept bare of discordant elements. The clean sweep, it is clear, is to be made at the expense of values which, if they make life most difficult, also make it most dear.

McCarthy has not made pink unpopular; he has abandoned the spectrum and preserved only black and white. What the adventurer McCarthy promises—what all utopians, good and bad, in our national history have promised—is release from the almost unbearable complexities of the real world into a limbo of shining white American innocence where responsibility ceases.

But the dream, like the Marxist illusion of the thirties, inevitably turns out to be a nightmare conjured up by a charlatan. That Catholics do not recognize this temptation for what it is, when they can identify the temptation of the Marxists, means that they too have acquiesced to the delusion of bleak absolutes and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have become wayfarers embarked on a pilgrimage to a blighted Arcady.

RETURNING to the talk with which this article began, I would directly reverse its proposition that criticism from within endangers the Church in the United States and say that criticism may well be an indication of the toughness of the living fiber while inert acceptance of the clerical attitude in all matters may be evidence of fossilization. Naturally I am talking here, not of criticism which rises out of rancor and is shaped by arrogance, but the judicious assessment which is directed toward reconstruction and revival.

In a pluralistic society like our own, such criticism must be warily offered lest it be misinterpreted and exploited by those outside the Church. In this day, we are deprived of the satisfaction Dante must have felt in populating the circles of the *Inferno* with notable examples of remiss clergy. But we still have the obligation—not merely the privilege—of pointing out, say, the perilous road being taken by Catholic fellow-travelers of McCarthy.

Even at the risk of unpleasantness—that is, the risk of having one's religion, ancestral origins, and ability impugned—it is necessary to say frankly, when it seems to be the case, that the Catholic clergy and laity are not well-informed in many matters, are not equipped to deal with some of the problems they raise, and are not altogether candid in their appraisal of themselves and others. Having said so much among ourselves, we may discover some of the immense possibilities for growth through self-knowledge.

What we need to find again, possibly, are daring and foolishness. Satan, I suspect, finds dry-rot a far more effective destroyer of souls than the heart-breaking temptation.

I am reminded here of a recent conversation with a priest during which he responded with mingled contempt and alarm to a reference to the Catholic Action movement in France. I realized that, for him, these French Catholics belonged in somewhat the same category as French novels. Only with the novels one knew at least what one had and could cast them out. With the Catholics one could not be sure. They appeared to resemble the familiar product, but they also had strange and upsetting ideas about the *status quo*.

Yet what is the merit of our lives, after all, if we do not dare disturb the established order with our love, joy, sacrifice, and belief? For these are the commodities our society, in all its wastefulness, has found too expensive to carry. United and diverse, as Catholics we can be, I trust, genuinely subversive elements on the American scene. By becoming what we can be, we have a job to do in our time.

FROM BRITAIN

Marx, Morals, and The Vacuum

Cardiff

IT is two years since Morgan Phillips, the Secretary of the British Labor Party, made his famous and accurate claim that British socialism owes more to Methodism than to Marx. The Socialist International's 1951 Congress, at Frankfurt, noted in passing that the comrades "whether they are inspired by *religious* or *humanist* principles . . . all strive for the same goal." More positively:

> Socialism fights to liberate men from the fears and anxieties from which all forms of political and economic insecurity are inseparable. This liberation will open the way to the spiritual development of men conscious of their responsibilities, and to the cultural evolution of complete personalities.

Morgan Phillips was merely recording a well-known fact. But the Frankfurt resolution seemed to mark a new penetration of Christianity, and Christian values, into parties where such things were to say the least unusual.

Following this, the International called in March of this year a delegate conference, at Bentveld in Holland, to discuss the whole issue of socialism and religion. The resolution and debates of this conference remain locked in the breasts of those who were there, until such time as the Council and Congress of the International have passed on them. A *Time* man got onto the premises, but was hastily isolated behind closed doors. Journalist delegates present were determined that any leak should flow from their pens alone. But enough of the conference papers have now been published to make its general drift clear.

It is clear first of all that Europe could for the purposes of the conference be divided into three zones. In Scandinavia, socialism and religion are pretty well at peace. But at least when presented through socialist eyes, it looks uncommonly like the peace of death. "Nowadays," the Swedes gracefully admit, "the [Lutheran] Church need not be considered an obstacle to . . . the development of democratic socialism." The Danes are more explicit. The clergy of the Danish State Church are appointed, directly or indirectly, by popularly elected lay councils, which also control the church's cash. It is not easy to get to be a bishop without the socialist vote. The Socialist Party presents its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own lists at Church elections. Further, the Church as such has no assembly or voice of its own. Parliament speaks and legislates for it. "Experience," said the Danish delegate, "reveals that an independent church may be able to play a political role in a manner contrary to democratic views. It is therefore preferable to maintain the Danish Established Church."

South of what one is tempted to call the European Mason-Dixon line, in the Latin countries where everything is glaringly black or white, the anti-clericalism of yesterday enjoys (at least among socialists) eternal youth. Maurice Deixonne, delegate of the French Socialist Party, delivers his message straight from the shoulder. Most of it we know well. Vatican intrigues, clerical power politics, the Church's effort to split society with its schools, and the "utterly reactionary" politics of the "overwhelming majority" of Catholics: it is Mr. Blanshard to the life. M. Deixonne adds some original touches of his own:

> In the French Union the Vatican is exerting an influence among the local population against the metropolis: for example, it does not permit the French ritual in the Cameroons: in Viet Nam it appoints only indigenous or foreign prelates, with the result . . . that the spiritual leaders nurture a kind of disguised neutralism.

Native and nationalist bishops, vernacular liturgies, world-wide recruitment for aid to underdeveloped territories—Gad, Sir, as Colonel Blimp would say, what a world for Socialists to have to live in!

The funniest thing about M. Deixonne is his complaint about the Apostolic Nuncio who "travels freely across the country, even in Corsica and North Africa, without informing the Foreign Office," and the way that "increasingly, and without even informing the French Government, the seat of Congregations is being transferred abroad." The subordination of church to state which M. Deixonne wants did once exist in France. It was destroyed, concordats, Gallican liberties and all, against the fierce resistance of the clergy, by radical and socialist enthusiasts for the separation of church and state. Providence provides in curious ways. Perhaps other French socialists will now be wise enough in their generation to take a few tips about Establishment from the Danes.

But the really interesting countries are the three which lie sandwiched between Scandinavia and Latin Europe: England, Holland and Germany. For here the alliance of socialism and religion is or could well become a reality. England has always been, and remains, an exception to the general European antagonism between the two. In Germany there are some interesting forces at work. Willi Eichler, the humanist leader of the German delegation at Bentveld, struck the keynote of the conference by pointing out that socialism is in itself merely a technique for achieving ends prescribed by an ethic. The ethic may be derived either from natural reasoning alone or from natural reasoning guided by Revelation. Historically, Eichler points out, it has in fact derived from both. Here is a base on which the Christian and the "humanist" can legitimately come together.

The German delegation also included that highly dynamic Catholic lady Frau Maria Sevenich, socialist member of the Bundestag, who has by repute a short way with bishops. It is said that in the last election a certain bishop was about to issue an appeal in favor of the Christian Democrats. Frau Sevenich rang him up. If the appeal went out, a socialist loud-speaker van would be devoted solely and exclusively, for the duration of the election, to reading out to the people the Austrian Bishops' manifesto in favor of Hitler in 1938. The appeal did not go out; and Frau Sevenich and the Bishop now drink tea on the best of terms. Catholic representation in the German socialist ranks is still small. With Frau Sevenich, it is at any rate unlikely to be overlooked.

BUT the prize exhibit, and the real force behind the conference, was the Dutch Labor Party. For this party has made an honest and far-reaching effort to adapt its structure and policy so that men and women of every ethic and religion can collaborate in it. The school question is no more. Dutch labor stands for what Holland has in any case already realized in practice: the full recognition of parents' rights, and complete equality between schools of all denominations and of none. The family and the small-property owner —the farmer, the small business man—have a place of honor in the party program. "The Party rejects state socialism," says its program, and stands for a wide measure of industrial self-government. Most important of all, the party has Catholic, Protestant, and humanist "working groups," through which those who share each view of life can maintain their identity within the party, and bring their distinctive influence to bear on its policy.

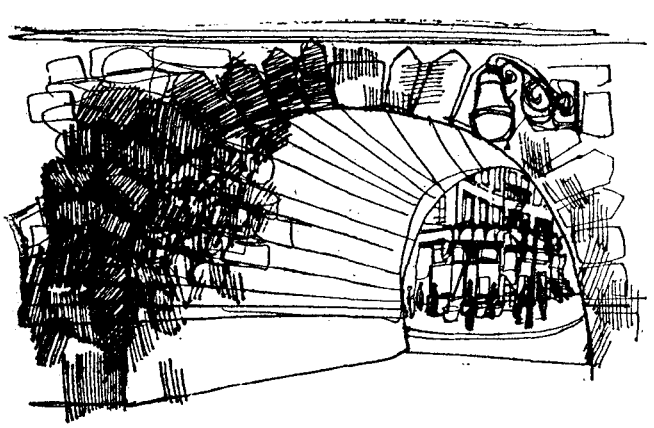
Can the Dutch experiment succeed? Will it spread, and lead to a left-wing breakaway from existing Christian parties? Do not, first of all, expect too much too soon. The "break-through" in Holland is seven years old, but is only now making any noticeable impression on the general mass of Catholic or even Reformed—as apart from Hervormde—electors; and it is not quite certain that it has done so yet. There is much mistrust and misunderstanding to overcome. Looking at it as a Catholic, one sees reason to go slowly. Enlightenment at party headquarters is not the same thing as enlightenment in the rank and file; a quite important point in Holland, and a very important one indeed in Germany. Even at headquarters, history gets out of perspective.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Professor Banning, who as a leader of the Dutch Hervormde Kerk and lifelong member and student of the labor movement should have known better, said at Bentveld that in the nineteenth century "the social conscience [of Christianity] nowhere led to a criticism of the structure of capitalist production." Shades of La Tour du Pin! And of Leo XIII! Nineteenth century individualism lacked—in terms of social organization—two things; a proper idea of the responsible state, and of the role of such intermediate groups as the family, neighborhood, or profession. Socialist criticism stressed the first defect, Christian criticism the second. It is fair, and may be right, to argue that the socialists were putting first things first; that over-all order and stability are necessary before reform lower down can do much good. But it is nonsense to say that Christians failed to "criticize the structure of capitalist production."

Much more important: socialist "humanists" tend to measure their own and Christians' achievements by a double standard, and so to depreciate Christianity. Socialism, as they say, is a technique for reaching ends defined by an ethic. But its Christian ethic may prescribe or appear to prescribe ends other than those which humanist socialists think right. It inspires Frau Sevenich at one end of the scale and General Franco at the other. Therefore, the humanists are inclined to say, Christianity is a less sound guide to action than a humanist ethic.

But they forget that they in their turn are not the only humanists. Willi Eichler rests his argument on Kant; but most of those who have sworn allegiance to Categorical Imperative, in German universities and elsewhere, have taken up political positions very unlike Willi Eichler's. And no one is more eager than democratic socialists to point out the horrors of perverted Marxism beyond the Iron Curtain. One may judge Christians all in a lump, and Marxists or "humanists" all in a lump; or one may set Christian members of the democratic labor movement against humanist and Marxist members of it. Either way, Christianity shows in a light very much more favorable than that found in some of the Bentveld papers.



BUT all this is merely the fog which holds off understanding. If and when the fog lifts, shall we find that the road of alliance between religion and socialism leads anywhere? On the face of it, the prospect looks fair enough. In England, where Socialism has never been more than "socialism," no bishop or cardinal sees reason to call on Catholic members of the political labor movement to organize otherwise than in the Labor Party. Why should things in Holland, or Germany, not change so much that bishops there feel the same; especially now that the Dutch bishops have actually reached the point of permitting, though not encouraging, Catholics to join the socialist party?

The problem is not quite so simple. Once, Catholics —and Protestants—organized their own Christian parties because socialist or "liberal" parties stood for policies grossly offensive to Christianity. Now these grossly offensive policies are disappearing. The Dutch Labor Party is only an extreme case of a tendency found in all the North European socialist movements. But what is left, now that the old devil has gone out? Ask a member of the Dutch Catholic People's Party—or Father von Nell-Breuning, S.J., whom Professor Banning quotes—and he will answer: a house swept and garnished, a spiritual void, with all the seven devils of pagan materialism queueing at the door. This is the enemy against whom Christians must go on banding together to make their influence effective, in politics as elsewhere. One way to do so is to stick to the traditional formula of the Christian (denominational or interdenominational) party. Another *may* be to create Christian (and other) "working groups" within a mixed party, on the Dutch Labor Party's new lines. It is not surprising that many Christians, all over Europe, prefer to wait to see how the new formula works before abandoning the old.

And here is the point which we also, in Britain and America, need to watch. We have not had to face (much) the problem of grossly offensive anti-Christian policies. We have relied on the general Christian ethic and atmosphere of our countries to keep parties on the right lines. This ethic and atmosphere are going. We are beginning to be faced, back of Labor and Conservative, and maybe also Republican and Democrat, with the same spiritual void which the Dutch Catholic Party man diagnoses back of the Dutch Labor Party. The essential lesson of Bentveld is not that something new, but still special to the Continent, is happening in Continental socialism. It is that the problems of left-wing Christian politics in certain Continental countries are at long last converging on those of the Anglo-Saxon world. Ought we perhaps to be organizing, on the lines now being pioneered by Dutch Labor Catholics like Geert Ruygers, or Protestants like Banning, to fill the spiritual vacuum at the back of our own political life?

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCREEN

WHAT, NO TOAST?

BIOGRAPHY is the one department in which movies are weakest. Not that there haven't been good pictures based on the lives of real people ("The Passion of Joan of Arc," "Pasteur," "Monsieur Vincent" and others). But usually the producers of biographical films feel that they must gloss over their subjects, erase faults and make things nice almost to the point of boredom. "Melba" is no exception. In one scene, Nellie Melba (nicely played by Patrice Munsel) accidentally knocks over a bowl of peaches onto a beautiful confectioner's cake. Instead of going into a rage, Cesar Carlton calmly says to the baker: "Serve it, and call it 'Peach Melba.' " And that's how the dish was born. The picture makes no mention of Melba Toast, but most of it has about as much depth as the whipped cream on a Peach Melba.

The story is told as a lengthy flashback stirred by Melba's singing of "Comin' Through the Rye" for aged Queen Victoria (Sybil Thorndike). It takes us back to when she was Nellie Mitchell in Australia. She leaves her family in 1886 to study singing in Paris. After a few complications and much hard work Nellie makes her debut as Gilda in "Rigoletto." Then the picture makes a handsome tribute to London's Covent Garden, with some stunning operatic and ballet scenes, and becomes more like a program of great moments from opera than a movie.

Although the story in "Melba" is thin and Director Lewis Milestone does little to give it vitality, the picture is musically excellent and Patrice Munsel is a delight to hear. And what's more, "Melba" is a pleasure to see. Music lovers will be entranced. Other audiences may want a good story and a movie that moves.

I MYSELF was entranced by the tricks done by Tony Curtis in playing the title role of "Houdini." Practicing magicians may not be quite so impressed with his ability to get out of a strait jacket or a trunk in the Detroit River, or at his facility in making things appear and disappear. What Tony Curtis cannot do, although he plays the role well, is make a good picture out of this. Philip Yordan's script is interesting enough —in a sort of half-fact, half-fiction kind of way—but Producer George Pal and Director George Marshall have prettified everything and endowed even the facts with such a synthetic quality that none of the film seems real—even the real parts.

Janet Leigh is much too girlishly pretty as Houdini's loving but often discouraged wife, and the scenes showing their struggle to get started are too superficial to be taken seriously. Fortunately, however, whenever the picture gets plot-heavy, it comes up with some new Houdini magic.

"GENGHIS Khan" is a semi-biographical, panoramic film made in the Philippines. It stars Manuel Conde, who also produced, directed and had a hand in writing this unusual movie. While Conde plays the young man (who was later to become Asia's king of all kings) extremely well, the actors surrounding him are inclined to ham up their roles every now and then. This doesn't distract too much from the spirit of the film which is on the exaggerated side anyway. However the English narration written by James Agee and read aloud (instead of subtitles or dubbed-in- English) tends to get somewhat too highbrow and literary for such robust subject matter. It is the visuals in "Ghengis Khan" that make the film so impressive.

I SUPPOSE "Below the Sahara," a documentary-travel film produced and directed by Armand Denis, could almost be called a biographical film too. It has so many shots of Denis and his wife waving from airplanes as they fly from place to place in Africa and scenes showing them hunting and capturing and petting animals that they become as important in the movie as the flora and fauna. The fact that much of "Below the Sahara" is routine African stuff with the usual shots of giraffes, zebras, hippos and rhinos does not detract from its interest. This is still authentic Africa. The visit to the Pygmies, the gorilla hunt, the lovely ballet-like dance of the pelicans, the remarkable sequences showing the training of a cheetah, and the intricate business of capturing a sea lion (in order to obtain a sample of blood) are well worth seeing.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

END OF SEGREGATION

THE following statement is part of a pastoral letter by the Most Rev. Vincent S. Waters, Bishop of Raleigh, North Carolina. It was read at all Masses in the Diocese of Raleigh on Sunday, June 21.

> The Church and her teaching has always been a challenge to the world. "Behold this child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel and for a sign which shall be contradicted." "You shall be hated by all men for My name's sake. But he that perseveres unto the end he shall be saved." . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christ the Good Shepherd taught "there shall be one fold and one shepherd." What do we mean one fold; one flock of sheep? Do we mean a few sheep here and a few scattered there, or do we mean all united in one body? Is not the fold of Christ united in North Carolina? In one body under its shepherd? Is not the fold in the United States or in the World, united under the supreme Shepherd, the Vicar of Christ? Can there be division in the Church of God? Can we divide a living body and keep the parts living? No. Neither can we divide the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church.

In North Carolina until a few years ago there were no special Catholic churches for our colored people and all Catholics worshiped God together irrespective of race. In order to give a special impetus to the missionary work among the colored people, former bishops of Raleigh contracted with various religious communities of men and women for specialized work among these people and for the establishment of special churches and schools in some sections of the Diocese for them. Did this mean that the Church was abandoning her century old teaching of "one fold and one shepherd" or that Negroes were thereby forbidden to worship in any Catholic Church in the Diocese except those for colored? By no means. It meant that there was no division, but merely that special attention was given to a few, and all Catholics still had the rights and privileges of worshiping God together, as everywhere in the Catholic Church.

To be assured that this was understood entirely by all Catholics and enforced by all Pastors, we wrote a letter clearly defining this teaching two years and a half ago on January 29, 1951. It was read in all of the Churches of the Diocese and printed in *The North Carolina Catholic*. The same teaching has been reiterated in our letters of February 9th and May 18th of the present year. . . .

Therefore, so that in the future there can be no misunderstanding on the part of anyone, let me state here as emphatically as I can: There is no segregation of races to be tolerated in any Catholic Church in the Diocese of Raleigh. The pastors are charged with the carrying out of this teaching and shall tolerate nothing to the contrary. Otherwise, all special churches for Negroes will be abolished immediately as lending weight to the false notion that the Catholic Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, is divided. Equal rights are accorded, therefore, to every race and every nationality as is proper in any Catholic Church and within the Church building itself everyone is given the privilege to sit or kneel wherever he desires and to approach the Sacraments without any regard to race or nationality. This doctrine is to be fully explained to each convert who enters the Church from henceforth in the Diocese of Raleigh.

As Americans who have a reputation for defending the poor and the weak of all races in all parts of the world; as Christians who should be closing our ranks to Atheistic Communism on our frontiers; as Catholics who rejoice to be found worthy to suffer for the sake of Christ, let each and every Catholic, worthy of the name in the Diocese of Raleigh, be courageous enough to correct any abuse of this kind in the house of God, remembering the promise of Christ, "As often as you have done it to these the least of My brethren, you have done it to Me."

Thank God such abuse has not been general or widespread. North Carolina and the Diocese of Raleigh have been for the most part an example to the nation and to the Church in its correct Christian attitude on this subject. Witness the unity and the work of Catholics of all races in the Legion of Mary, and in the North Carolina Catholic Laymen's Association. Witness the colored priests and Bishops who have visited and been welcomed in the Diocese. Witness our three colored seminarians, and the Catholic Mother of 1952, a Colored Catholic, chosen by twelve southern white ladies. Never in our newspaper, *The North Carolina Catholic* has there been any discrimination in regard to news or pictures. Our colored Catholics have served with distinction as officers in our diocesan societies and have attended retreats and conventions together. Our colored children have competed in all oratorical contests and have taken top honors many times. We are proud of our colored Catholics of North Carolina, some of whom are graduates of Catholic universities, colleges and schools; some are business and professional persons of the highest education and culture; but we are especially proud of them because they are good religious men and women and belong to us as we do to them in the same communion of the Mystical Body of Christ—The Church.

I am not unmindful, as a Southerner, of the force of this virus of prejudice among some persons in the South; as well as in the North. I know, however, that there is a cure for this virus and that is, our Faith. Many southern boys facing death together in the trenches will bear me out. I revolt against our children's being infected with this virus, when men and women of good-will everywhere can preserve them from it. The virus will not die out of itself, it has to be killed by being exposed to the light of Faith.

The Church does not propose tolerance which is negative, but love which is positive. If Christ said love your enemies, we certainly can love our friends.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are our friends and members of our own body, the Church. It is our duty, as Christians of the early days, not only to love them but to serve them, to help them. We need to help them get better educational facilities, better opportunities for culture, better living conditions, better jobs, better pay, better homes and families, better civic representation and better friendliness in the community and all of this presupposes the right to worship God freely with us in the Church anywhere.

As Pastor of your souls, I am happy to take the responsibility for any evil which might result from different races worshiping God together, but I would be unwilling to take the responsibility of those who refuse to worship God with a person of another race. May the example of American soldiers who died to stamp out a philosophy of "the Master Race" in a war with Hitler in Germany prevent us from following a similar course.

My only sorrow is the fear that I shall not convince you of the wiles of Satan. But I shall be able to convince you if I love you enough, and if you love me you will understand, for God has first loved us. . . .

The Lectern and the Judgement Seat

HAROLD LASKI. By Kingsley Martin. Viking. $4.

By FRANK GETLEIN

HAROLD Laski, in Kingsley Martin's book, actually set out to achieve a niche for himself as the directing genius (always with one foot showing beneath the arras) of the Labor Party, British socialism, the revolution by consent and the Marxist golden age which should avoid the mistakes of Stalinism. Ours is certainly an age of the theorist come to judgment, and of them all, Laski was one of the most completely dedicated to a theory. Reading Martin it is frequently difficult to realize that to the end there remained an impossible step between the lectern and the judgment seat.

Aesthetically, the most interesting aspect of Laski's career is the comic. A boy genius to start with, he convinced himself at an early age that he had already obtained the post he sought as the almost invisible counselor of the mighty, the voice that guided the hand that raised the sword. This he did in part by initiating and maintaining correspondence with everyone anywhere who looked a comer, in part by really outrageous name-dropping (his students used to quote, "So Stalin said, 'Laski—' "), and, of course, in part by taking himself in completely with the gorgeous myth of his own making. To the Labor Party, Laski was, in fact, tremendously valuable. Through the years he gave of himself without check, rocketing about the country during elections to speak for almost everyone on the ticket, pamphleteering by the ream and writing endless political journalism. All this at the cost of the solid base for the professional reputation he did have. Laski published many scholarly books and no one of them received the share of his attention it deserved.

Two things happened by way of denouement. The Tories, in the first post-war campaign, looked for a boogie and found that Laski was really Professor Moriarity and the Marquis de Sade combined. He was accused of advocating violent revolution; he replied that he had only advocated a series of reforms designed to make violence unnecessary, and he sued. Despite the fact that all his life he had consciously sought the position the Conservatives now gave him, Laski was hurt by the charges and their implications and submitted himself to a harrowing trial by press, by public and finally by open court for which the distinctions between violence and what so easily looked like the threat of violence, proved too subtle. He lost. He had always maintained that justice was a farce under the British system, and he was thunderstruck to see his charges justified in the event. He reeled but recovered.

Much good the Tories' devil-mask did them; they lost the election. The practical men of the Labor Party assumed office and it became increasingly clear that while Harold Laski was a number one ghost-writer, an indefatigable odd-job man and a glittering adornment to the rather dull facade of British Socialism, he was not the power behind the throne, before the throne, anywhere near the throne. He lost decision after decision to men he regarded as stupid. He served as chairman of the party, but there was a clear, non-Soviet distinction between the party and the government.

At last he resigned and determined to devote the years ahead to the scholarly books he had neglected. He threw himself for one last fight into the election of 1950 and died within weeks of the defeat.

Kingsley Martin tells the story well and the story is well worth reading. Laski, of course, was never the power he fancied himself, and, when pressed, Martin admits it; but he writes the book throughout as if the dream were really true. Laski's most important and most lasting influence was unquestionably not on the Labor Party, nor on British economics, but on the thousands of students who passed through his study and his lecture hall at the London School of Economics. He taught them to look at the world around them as something worth examining and something worth changing. In the summing up, Martin admits this proportion, too, though the tone of the book as a whole denies it by hanging on the least word of the subject as on the word of an emperor. Read properly, of course, this very adulation of a former student underscores the value of Laski the teacher.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blithe Spirits

THE CANDLE'S GLORY. By Silvia Thompson. Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown. $3.50.

By DORIS GRUMBACH

MRS. Thompson writes as a woman of the world, with all the literary poise and savoir-faire of a novelist whose personal experience is leisured and upper-class. She is at home in the landed amenities of French chateau-society as well as the Tudor lawns of English country-houses, and on eloquent terms with their rather stereotyped inhabitants. Her publishers claim for her a certain "flash of insight," a skill at "indirect revelation of character," and to a limited extent these are fair claims. There are moments during her richly-embroidered narrative when the reader is reminded of Virginia Woolf's *The Waves* and the early Elizabeth Bowen. But the over-all effect of her style and plot is closer to Daphne duMaurier; in structure and pattern *The Candle's Glory* is of the *Rebecca* school of the novel: gradual epiphany of an offstage character.

The story centers around the lives of three finishing-school girls, and particularly that of Mary Fanshawe, whose shadowy personality provides the adhesive for an assorted *dramatis personae*. Her divorced husband, her young daughter, her nun-mother, her admirers, priest-confessor, and her friends from school reveal her influence in the propulsive actions and reactions to their separate fates. There are a great many individual contributors to the total picture offered of Mary, and while the elements are often skillfully inserted they fail to propel Mary herself into life. She remains a name often spoken, a powerful and vital manifestation only in the conversational interchanges of subsidiary character. Consistently, she fails to envigorate and enliven the more demanding relationship between herself and the reader.

One is aware, too, of the novelist's failure to provide her secondary characters with sufficient specific gravity, enough, that is, to anchor them credibly to the serious affairs (violent death, near-blackmail, conversions, vocations, saintly encounters, etc.) in which they are involved. These men and women seem too closely traced from the people one usually meets in novels, blithe spirits that skip nimbly across international social barriers. And the absence of a basic originality subtracts almost fatally from the reader's ability to accept the events of the plot.

For short flights of description, and in brief moments of insight into national character, Mrs. Thompson succeeds fully. In the larger arena of ideas, and perfectly realized and communicated character, her showing is far less impressive.

Two Histories

CHRISTIANITY IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By Herbert Butterfield. Macmillan. $1.75.

By PHILIP BURNHAM

THESE three lectures, delivered at Durham University in England by the Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, consider the relationship between Christianity and the development of Western Civilization. They are intelligent and subtle studies, but beyond this they seem also tortured and contradictory, frustrated by an intellectual and moral and emotional scrupulosity. The greatest difficulties arise from a kind of arbitrary abstraction separating human institutions from human beings; and from the author's concept of individualism: it appears to be extreme.

Professor Butterfield is a learned and aware man, determined to avoid "the crude moralistic approach." Charity certainly does, as he affirms, "drive us to a study of explanatory circumstances. . . ." Surrounding conditions change the aspect of Christianity among different men at different times and places. Communism must be observed not only as what "we actually see in the world today," but also as an ideal and program better than what we see, twisted and made monstrous by circumstances which we may in part scientifically discover and which may in part prove to be the "daemonic forces" of Principalities and Powers who attack Communism, Fascism, Nazism, and the Western democracies too.

The first question of the book, however, deals with an older, if no more remote, problem: has European Civilization been molded and formed by Christianity, and does it retain that stamp? The author's answer—usually—is yes.

Christianity worked two ways to develop the West, according to his view. Before Constantine, "New Testament" Christianity conducted an "impressive work of free conversion . . . in a highly civilized state." Then, at the second stage, the Church flourished in barbarous conditions, with the alliance of power. It served "as the bond of the tribe, the cement which holds human societies together," and it presided over "the course and character of a rising civilization."

The author is terribly embarrassed by this second form of Christian action on society. A yearning seems to come through the writing—a bias that requires no reasonable explanation—for "New Testament conditions, when our religion addressed itself to the conscience of men, calling them to forsake custom and the group—to forsake if necessary even family itself." Surely the conscience, and the whole intellect and will, the spirit should be addressed; but what of this ideal of forsaking? An individualism appears involved, which approaches the suicidal: a "last puritanism" declining further in transit from Boston to Bloomsbury (or Cambridge to Cambridge). To forsake custom and withdraw from the group is becoming a pathetic imperative for more than a few of Professor Butterfield's most intelligent and sensitive contemporaries, while the very concept of a custom and a society securing a hearty and happy support and communion falls outside the realm of faith and hope.

The middle chapter, or lecture, treats European history with the most definite and least theoretical passages of the book, and most interestingly. It goes through a long list of the characteristics and values and perversions of the West with their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

derivation and deviation from Christianity. But it is a confusing and contradictory chapter. Right at the beginning, the things to be examined are termed "mundane." From the context of the book this appears to throw them into "incidental" results of Christianity, and to deprive them of a significant or very useful relationship to the Christian religion proper. The term, and the atmosphere, deprive them of value too completely in removing them from the lofty "level" of the individual interior castle.

Also, the analysis in this chapter fails to identify what developments came by the first, "New Testament," appeal to individual consciences, and what by that embarrassing, barbarous pressure attributed to the second stage. Both influences were evidently working at once: "We must note that the most impressive of the successes of the Church in the Middle Ages was the achievement of its authentic task, which was to turn the more formal Christianity of the barbarians, originally mass-converted, into a profounder thing. . . ." The author never does give an adequate theory or picture of the relationship between the two "stages" of Christianity.

Then, after his persuasive demonstration in the second chapter of the embodiment of Christian elements in the European civilization, Professor Butterfield bewilderingly remarks, "It may be asked whether human history has taken on a new texture since the Incarnation, or whether the development of Christian Europe is structurally different from that of the non-Christian world . . . We may suspect that the answer would have to be both Yes and No."

For some readers this question and answer may tend to seem rather paralyzing. What is the book about?

The question must have a special meaning, as, indeed, the paragraph which follows perhaps indicates: "The difference which exists in the historical realm since the Incarnation is just that there are Christians in the world, Christians who are a part of the historical system but by their inner life are connected with an other-worldly system too. This itself makes a difference to the story at a second remove; and, as we have seen, the difference may be very considerable indeed."

What does "second remove" mean? And what is the "other-worldly *system*?"

We are not to confuse European Civilization with the eternal City of God. Western Civilization is a temporal, mortal construction, and the ways in which it has expressed (could one say "incarnated"?) Christian values are not the only conceivable ways, nor are they absolute ways, whose passing would mean the passing of truth and Christianity themselves. The ways of the West are not perfect, and other ways are not necessarily less perfect. The earth is removed from heaven. Perhaps this is something of what it means. Very well. Facing this not altogether revolutionary idea, even if flatly stated, should not shake the psychic security of the orthodox.

THE MONTHLY — — MAGAZINE
For All Sisters

Have you a daughter or Sister in a Convent? A former teacher, or Nun in the Missions? SPONSA REGIS is the ideal gift for Sisters
1 year — $1.50
2 years — $2.50

SPONSA REGIS
St. John's Abbey
Collegeville Minn.

EUROPEAN PILGRIMAGES

SEPTEMBER 18—THREE WEEK SHRINE SPECIAL BY AIR
Paris, Lourdes, Nice, Rome, Assisi, Florence, Geneva. All inclusive rate $992.00

SEPTEMBER 30—OCTOBER FATIMA PILGRIMAGE TO SAIL ON QUEEN MARY
Fatima, Paris, Lourdes, Lisbon, Fatima, Madrid, Barcelona, Nice, Rome, Lisieux. All inclusive rate $990.00
OPTIONAL EXTENSION TO THE HOLY LAND $599.00
OPTIONAL EXTENSION TO ENGLAND AND IRELAND $198.00

DECEMBER 19—CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM
Cairo, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Mount of Olives, Gethsemane, Via Dolorosa, Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, Jericho, River Jordan, Nazareth, Cana, Galilee and Rome. All inclusive rate $1,180.00

FOR IMMEDIATE RESERVATIONS AND FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET WRITE:

CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL SERVICE
1031 Dupont Circle Bldg., Washington 6, D. C.

CAMP WE-HA-KEE
On Green Bay
Marinette, Wisconsin
For Girls 6-16
Conducted by Dominican Sisters, Sinsinawa, Wis.
1953 Season June 30—August 18, $350
For information write
Sister David O'Leary, 200 Ridge Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

SUMMER CHANGES OF ADDRESS

To insure proper delivery subscribers should give us three weeks notice, and specify both the old and new address. Circulation Dept., The Commonweal, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Christ did not become human "at second remove." And Christ became man where and when He did, amidst all the incidental circumstances.

There is a Christian society in the world as well as "Christians."

Faith, hope and charity (and "New Testament Love") operate here in neighbors—directly, and at no "second remove." "Our religion," as Professor Butterfield elsewhere in the book says, "as it mixes with the events of the world, generates new things—now a kind of art, now a form of science, now humanism, now liberty, now a theory of egalitarianism." Yes or No? It cannot be both.

A Happy Man

TWO WORLDS FOR MEMORY. By Alfred Noyes. Lippincott. $5.

By THEODORE MAYNARD

THE author of this kind and cheerful autobiography is a man whom somehow I never met though our paths often almost crossed and though we had a good many friends in common. One of these friends, Edwin Arlington Robinson, once exclaimed to me in a rare burst of enthusiasm, coming from one so taciturn, "I like Noyes; he's a happy man." His wrily cautious reservation to this is more revealing of Robinson than of Noyes, for he went on, "Happy, that is, in so far as a poet *can* be happy when he is not actually composing poetry."

Yet many poets—even among those not very successful—one would think of as happy men, and Alfred Noyes has been the darling of fortune, enjoying from the start the approval of poets as varied as Swinburne and Alice Meynell, and winning and retaining for close on to fifty years that large public which still likes good poetry that it can understand. Though advanced criticism is disposed to dismiss Noyes as the fluent singer of lilacs in Kew Gardens, there is philosophical content in much of his work, and he is one of the few men who found in physical science a topic on which his muse smiled.

Perhaps most astonishing of all, very early in his career his epic on Drake was serialized, as though it were a novel, in twelve consecutive issues of *Blackwood's*. As a professor at Princeton and as a lecturer who has often had an audience of three thousand and at least once an audience of seven thousand, he added to his reputation.

About the reasons for his conversion to the Catholic faith Noyes does not tell us much, being a rather shy man and also knowing that the reasons may be found in his work taken as a whole.

Noyes shows himself to be an exceptionally candid man. Though here and there we may find a mildly malicious story, everything is really very harmless, the one person to whom Noyes took any strong exception being Hugh Walpole, after Walpole, as a guest in his house, had made himself obnoxious. On that occasion the mild Alfred Noyes ordered him to pack his bags and get out, and one likes him all the

15th ANNIVERSARY

Association of Catholic Trade Unionists

THE LABOR LEADER

- **Concise Summaries of the Labor News.**
- **Comment on that News.**
- **Personal Interviews with Important Labor Leaders.**
- **The Catholic Answer to Labor Problems.**
- **Cartoons by Willock, Commentary by Don Capellano, Photos, etc.**

Published twice a month
(once a month, July and August)

All for $2 a Year! Simply clip and mail—

THE LABOR LEADER C753
327 LEXINGTON AVE.
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2.00. Send THE LABOR LEADER for one year to:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State

CROSS CURRENTS
Spring 1953

From the Avarice of Nations to an Economy for Mankind
Francois Perroux

Christians and Communists in Asia
John C. Bennett

The Catholic and Science
Lucien Morren

Phenomenological Inquiries into Mystical Experience
Augustin Leonard

Holy Scripture: Meeting Place of Christians
Jean Danielou

Scripture and Tradition
Oscar Cullmann

Are There Moral Heresies?
Jacques Leclercq

Three Dollars Per Year **One Dollar Per Issue**
Cross Currents, 3111 Broadway, N. Y. 27

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colleges

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore 10, Maryland. A fully accredited Catholic College for Women, conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Courses leading to B.A. degree, with concentration in Art, Languages, Literature, Sciences, Music, Social Studies, Speech, Mathematics, Philosophy and Theology. Workshops in Creative Writing. Education courses leading to teacher certification. Pre-medical and laboratory technical training. Full Physical Education program, including Swimming. Address the Registrar.

INDIANA

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Indiana. Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross. Fully accredited Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Science. Academic and professional courses in Nursing, Graduate Department of Sacred Theology. Address: Box 71, Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind. Railroad station, South Bend, Indiana.

ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. An International College conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Approved by the Association of American Universities. Accredited by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools to grant Baccalaureate and Master degrees. Special training in Home Economics and courses preparing for elementary and secondary school positions. Library School accredited by American Library Association. Foreign Study Branch for Junior Year Abroad at Fribourg, Switzerland. Graduate study of Fine Arts at Pius XII Institute, Florence, Italy.

better for this show of indignation.

The book is full of good anecdotes, and if these do not always cast much light upon his contemporaries, this is probably because Noyes, in the kindness of his heart, suppressed the best of those he might have related. The whole book is genial, all the more so when we consider the affliction of semi-blindness that has now fallen upon its author.

Soviet Society

THE IMPACT OF RUSSIAN CULTURE ON SOVIET COMMUNISM. By Dinko Tomasic. Free Press. $4.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IN this book, Dinko Tomasic has assembled all of the material necessary for a profound study of the relation between contemporary Russia and its own past: yet he has not made that study. *The Impact of Russian Culture on Soviet Communism* documents the long managerial tradition of Russian society, but it fails to link the past to the present.

In early Russian history, the anarchic, egalitarian society of the Old Slavs meshed with a predatory and aggressive Nomadic culture. The Nomads conquered and took over the political power, but because of their traditions this power did not spring out of the land but rather ruled over it. Later, Russia was to be decisively influenced by its connection with Byzantine Caesaro-Papism, and when the Czarist state finally emerged, it too was built on a service nobility and large bureaucratic class. Lenin himself wrote, in *What Is to Be Done,* that Czarism was "a bulwark, not only of European, but of Asiatic reaction as well." All this Mr. Tomasic documents ably.

Yet, this history is significant only if a causal connection is established between the quasi-Oriental and bureaucratic past and the totalitarian present. For example, Mr. Tomasic does not link the absence of a western type bourgeoisie (because much of even nineteenth century

Classified

★ Rate for your message, 12½c a word. Eight words per $1. Twelve words minimum. Centered lines 85c each. Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts, *Catalogs*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.
870 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

CATHOLIC BOOKS

★ Original designs for crucifixes and statues by modern artists. Exceptional stock of Catholic books, cards. Catalogue on request.
THE GUILD BOOK SHOP
117 E. 57th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y. PLaza 3-0225

CHESTERTON AND BELLOC

★ Chesterton, Belloc & Baring Books
250 titles. Free Catalogue
Prosser, 2937 North Racine Ave.
Chicago 13, Illinois

SITUATION WANTED

★ Young woman interested in position, preferably in public relations field, with American firm in Europe or South America. M.A. in history, Spanish minor, 8 years experience as newspaper reporter on medium sized daily, traveled on Continent and British Isles. Box 65, The Commonweal.

HELP WANTED

★ Woman or girl interested in working in Catholic home as a mother's aid in house work and child care. Dairy farm in Vermont. Town has Catholic Rural School. House is new, all conveniences. Trinity Farm, Fair Haven, Vt.

Polio Precautions

Gamma Globulin—obtained from human blood—gives protection for a few weeks. However, it is in VERY SHORT SUPPLY.

A vaccine is not ready for 1953. But there is hope for the future.

Meanhwile—when polio is around—follow these PRECAUTIONS:

- DON'T mix with new groups.
- DON'T get overtired.
- DON'T get chilled.
- BUT DO keep clean.

Recommended by

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

TAX EXEMPT
INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS
Truck Terminals
Warehouses — Manufacturing
We will erect up to six million square feet on a great Industrial Tract in Jersey City, for lease.
L. N. Rosenbaum & Son—Financing
565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industrialization was bureaucratic) with the development of Stalinist managerialism. Yet there is a connection between them.

It is crucial to locate the exact nature of the Russia which the Bolsheviks took over in order to understand their subsequent direction. Mr. Tomasic does much to explain this pre-October 1917 history, but he does not fit the Revolution into the continuing process. He singularly fails to make use of his own material.

Thus, it is in one of the most important sections of the book—the discussion of current Soviet society—that Mr. Tomasic's failure to fulfil the promise of his materials is most apparent. His analysis bogs down into a routine anti-Stalinism which is true enough but hardly profound. In some cases, historical data are stretched to make a point.

But much more to the point, Mr. Tomasic puts entirely too much emphasis on the conspiratorial nature of contemporary Russia. We cannot equate those who joined the underground Bolshevik Party and those who join a totalitarian government. As a result of this, for example, Mr. Tomasic describes the Tito break with Moscow chiefly in terms of psychological attitudes and there is little or no reference to the economic antagonisms which were the root of the hostility.

It is important that we do not consider the rise of totalitarian Russia as a daemonic event of history. We must understand the Czarism from which it issued, particularly the political organization consequent upon its economic structure. Mr. Tomasic goes a long way toward establishing the data which will free us from the devil theory—and for this we are all in his debt—but he then unaccountably verges toward the devil theory himself.

REVIEWERS

Frank Getlein is with a public relations firm in the Midwest.

Doris Grumbach is a critic whose home is in New York State.

Theodore Maynard, historian and poet, is the author of *The Story of American Catholicism* and *The Catholic Way*.

Michael Harrington is an executive of the Workers Defense League.

Civil Liberties II

It is no longer legitimate to approach the matter of intolerance solely on terms of formal logic. And it is the teaching of historical experience that, however perfect the logical case for intolerance, especially intolerance of religious propaganda, intolerance has been a principal author of the most deep-seated hatreds which have divided man from man and nation from nation. Only in very late times have forms of intolerance, closely related to politics, arisen capable of matching in fervor the hatred generated in the past by religious intolerance.

The guarantee of religious freedom which finally gained place in the Constitution of this country was no child of logic. It was derived from historical understanding. But the gains made by historical understanding should be no less permanent than those achieved in the natural sciences. It is just as important to civilized life that men should believe in the doctrine of religious freedom as it is that they should believe that the earth is round. As the modern geographic idea on the shape of the earth adjusts itself to real fact, so also religious freedom, including the civil right to worship as one chooses and to propagate what one believes to be religious truth, adjusts itself to the historical facts of human life, thought and experience.

God made man to be free; else men are animals. Freedom is manhood. The area of human freedom should never be so narrowed as to make the fear of man's force and ostracism the substitute for self-responsibility and the fear of God, which are alone the beginnings of all wisdom.

—JAMES N. VAUGHAN
in The Commonweal
May 9, 1941

Special Offer for New Subscribers

The Commonweal, 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2. Please send your next 17 issues to:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

7-10-53

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reds Broke Through

Marine S/Sgt.
Archie Van Winkle
Medal of Honor

ATTACKING IN DARKNESS, a superior Red force had smashed through B Company's defense line, near Sudong. Staff Sergeant (now Second Lieutenant) Van Winkle's platoon lay pinned under murderous fire. The entire Company faced destruction.

Passing a command through his platoon, the sergeant leaped from cover, led a desperate rush against the enemy. A bullet shattered his left elbow, but he kept going. The left-flank squad got separated. Sergeant Van Winkle dashed 40 yards through heavy fire to bring it in. An exploding grenade seriously wounded his chest. Still, lying on the ground, he continued to direct the fighting.

Finally he was evacuated, unconscious from loss of blood; but the breakthrough had been plugged, the Company saved.

"I found out firsthand," says Sergeant Van Winkle. "that the Reds respect only one thing—strength. But America has plenty, thanks to our armed forces who serve in the field—and good citizens at home who invest in our country's Defense Bonds! I believe in Bonds—as savings to protect my family and as strength to protect my country. I own them—and I hope you do, too!"

★ ★ ★

Now E Bonds pay 3%! Now, improved Series E Bonds start paying interest after 6 months. And average 3% interest, compounded semiannually when held to maturity. Also, all *maturing* E Bonds automatically *go on* earning—at the new rate—for 10 *more* years. Start investing in Series E Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan; you can sign up to save as little as $2.00 a payday if you wish.

Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity save with U.S. Defense Bonds!

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED